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**LUMSDEN & SON'S**  
**GUIDE**  
TO THE  
**ROMANTIC SCENERY**  
OF  
**LOCH-LOMOND, LOCH-KETTURIN,**  
**THE TROSACHS, &c.**  
**With a Map.**

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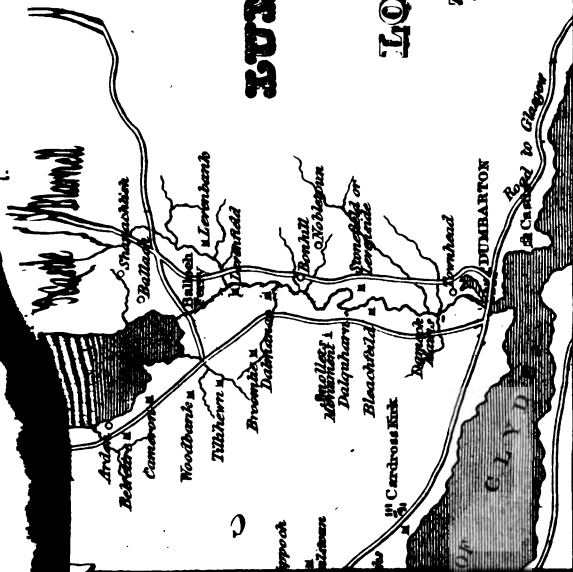
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

**Bride,**

**O.T.**

**TOOTH LONDON,  
AND  
TROSSACHS.**

1831.



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**LOCH-LOMOND & ITS ISLANDS,**  
 INTERSPERSED WITH  
*Copious Mineralogical & Botanical Observations,*  
 THE  
**ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF BEN-LOMOND,**  
**VOYAGE TO ROB ROY'S CAVE,**  
 WITH  
**A LAND TOUR**  
**FROM STIRLING TO CALLANDER, THE TROSACHS,**  
**LOCH-KETTURIN, LOCH-ARD, AND**  
**THE LAKE OF MONTEITH.**

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**A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Scenery of Loch-Lomond and of the Trossachs, having of late become objects of general attraction, and no work, in the form of a manual, affording a particular description of this highly interesting tract of country, having yet appeared; the Publishers have been induced to offer to the attention of the Public this "Guide." It has been drawn up, from personal observations made last autumn, during an excursion undertaken for the express purpose. In addition to an ample detail of the various features and beauties of the Scenery, illustrated by facts connected with Local or General History, occasional Mineralogical Observations, will be found interspersed through its pages; and to render it a useful companion to the Botanist, a complete List of the Plants and of their localities, found on the route, is given in an Appendix.



# **A GUIDE**

**TO**

## **LOCH-LOMOND, BEN-LOMOND, AND ROB ROY'S CAVE.**

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**THERE** is certainly no Lake in Great Britain possessed of more attractive qualities to a stranger than that which it is the intention of this little work to describe. It is situated in a country, interesting not only from the natural beauty and grandeur of its scenery, but also from the many historical and romantic associations with which it is connected.

Loch-Lomond is one of the largest and most beautiful of the British lakes. It may even bear a comparison with the most celebrated in Europe; for, although it possesses neither the inviting luxuriance and delicious softness of character, which distinguish the Lakes of Geneva and Constance, nor the rich foliage and splendid architecture which decorate the banks of the Lakes Major, Como, and Albano, yet this Queen of our Scottish lakes may deservedly be said to outrival them in the wild magnificence and solemn grandeur of her scenery, and in the varied and endless exhibitions of nature which she presents. Like native genius, she attracts and secures attention, by the irresistible charms of her artless character.

We shall commence our tour a little above where the Leven joins the Clyde at Dunbarton; referring the reader for a description of the passage down the Clyde from Glasgow to Dunbarton, to the "Steam-Boat Companion, and Stranger's Guide to the Western Islands and Highlands of Scotland," where every thing worthy of notice is minutely detailed.

The objects which first arrest the traveller's attention, are, Dumbuck, "the hill of roes," with its bold front, and the handsome seat of Colonel Geils at its base; and, beyond it, the bifurcated hill of Dunbarton, or Dunbritton, "the hill fort of the Britons." This last hill, or rather rock, rising precipitously to the height of 560 feet, has its base washed on the south side by the waters of the Clyde, and on the north, is connected to the main land by a sandy plain. It is intersected at the top by a narrow chasm running from east to west. On the lower division of the rock are the entrance to the Castle, the governor's house, and apartments for the officers. Here, also, are several pieces of ordnance, intended for the defence of the fortress, together with those which, during the late French war, were used in the battery at Greenock. Along the range of the wall are several watch-towers, in which, at times, may be perceived a solitary sentinel.

The ascent to the Castle is by a long flight of steps. On the summit of the lower part of the rock, are situated the barracks for soldiers, and two wells; on that of the higher division, is a collection of stones piled together, commonly called Wallace's seat. A huge sword, which is said to have belonged

to this renowned patriot, with several other pieces of antique armour, are preserved in the Castle.

The following lines, by the late Mr. Finlay, a native of Glasgow, written after viewing Wallace's sword, are not inappropriate:

Thou sword of true valour! though dim be thy hue,  
And all faded thy flashes of light;  
Yet still to my musing, thy sight shall renew  
The remembrance of Wallace the wight.

Though thou gleam not around on the mountains of alein,  
As when sternly in battle he stood,  
When he strew'd the bold Southron in heaps o'er the plain,  
And quench'd thy dread radiance in blood.

Though dim be thy hue, yet the heart of true mould  
Shall pause o'er thy form with delight;  
And the fear-stricken coward with trembling behold,  
And a Patriot arise from the sight.

Caledonia's bold sons, to thy presence when led,  
Shall with worship their freedom repay,  
Till, worn with the tears that their rapture has shed,  
Thy reliques be moulder'd away.

To the mineralogist, this hill presents an immense isolated rock of basalt, sometimes slightly columnar, situated in a country abounding in red sandstone only, and separated by nearly a mile from the nearest basaltic rocks. Towards the west side, at the base, large blocks lie scattered in every direction, two or three of which have formed a sort of cave, which serves as a convenient shelter to boatmen. There can be little doubt that the water encompassed this rock at one period, as the remains of marine objects are found abundantly beneath the surface around it.

The rock itself is hard, fine-grained, and magnetic; has a tendency to the prismatic form, and

contains rose-coloured spar and charred wood, a substance rarely met with in basalt. Iron-flint, zeolites, and other concomitants of trap rocks, are found in the neighbouring hills, and probably also exist in this rock.

Dunbarton Castle is mentioned in history, on several occasions. It is supposed to have been the Balclutha of Ossian, whose fall is thus beautifully described by Carthon, its owner:

“I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shakes there its lonely head. The fox looks out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waves round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina. Silence is in the house of her fathers.”

This Castle was the principal residence of the family of Lennox till 1238, when it became a royal fortress. In 1481, it was defended by Sir Andrew Wood, Admiral of Scotland, against the English navy. It was from it, that Mary Queen of Scots, in her youth, sailed for France, when her council wished to avoid the importunities of Henry VIII. of England. It was the last fortress that stood out for her, during the wars which preceded the establishment of the reformed religion in this country. It was deemed impregnable, till taken by surprise by Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, who, with a few soldiers, ascended the rock at a place almost perpendicular. It was, during the late war, occasionally employed as a state prison.

**General Simeon, a French officer, was detained here previous to the first abdication of Bonaparte. It is stipulated in the Articles of the Union between Scotland and England, that this Castle, with those of Stirling, Blackness, and Edinburgh, shall not be dismantled, as it is considered to be the key of the Clyde and of the Western Highlands.**

**The prospect from the top of the rock is very extensive, and includes almost every variety of scenery. The south view embraces the Clyde, whose surface is generally enlivened with steam-boats and coasters gliding along in every direction. Beyond the Clyde, are seen the hills, and a considerable extent of the interesting county of Renfrew. To the west, Port-Glasgow, Greenock, the Argyleshire hills, and the mountainous ridges of Arran, exhibit an agreeably varied prospect; to the east, the Clyde is seen gradually diminishing in breadth, and winding through a highly cultivated country, its banks being richly embellished by gentlemen's seats, and peaceful villages. The extensive woods of Erskine and Bishopton, the property of Lord Blantyre, are likewise seen in this direction. On turning to the north, the vale in which Loch-Lomond is situated, opens to the view, with its ranges of lofty mountains, among which Ben-Lomond and Ben-Voirlich are the most conspicuous. But perhaps the nearest is also the most pleasant part of the prospect, comprehending the ancient town of Dunbarton, with the short but sweet winding course of the Leven, and the numerous gentlemen's seats and public works with which its banks are studded; altogether presenting an assemblage**

of objects, well calculated to awaken in the contemplative breast, the mingled feelings of pleasure and surprise.

Proceeding up the river to Dunbarton, several neat villas present themselves. On the right, is Castle-Green, Denny; Knoxland, Rev. Mr. Jeffrey; Silvertonhill, \*\*\*\*; and farther, on the hill, Garshake; on the left, is Levensgrove, Dixon. On Mr. Dixon's property, opposite the Quay, are the remains of the Old Church of Cardross, encircled by trees, and at present used by that family as a burying-place. Farther on the right, is a dry dock; and behind it, is the Church, an interesting object when viewed from the river. Here a large bridge has been erected across the Leven, beyond which are seen the three cones of the Glass-work.

The traveller now leaves the steam-boat, and, before proceeding, is allowed time to breakfast, or to visit the town.

Dunbarton is a place of some antiquity, having been favoured with a charter six hundred years ago. It is probably indebted for its origin, to its proximity to the Castle. It consists principally of one long street; and contains about 500 inhabitants. Upwards of 2000 tons of shipping belong to the port. Besides the large glass-work, celebrated for the manufacture of window-glass, there are also here several tan-works. Dunbarton boasts of two good inns, and is the chief thoroughfare to the Western Highlands. Several great fairs for black cattle, are held here during the year.

For the information of the traveller, who may wish to know the various routes by land from this



place, it may be proper to state, that to the east there is an excellent road running nearly parallel with the Clyde to Glasgow, distant  $14\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To the north, by the east side of the Leven, and south side of Loch-Lomond, is a good road to Drymen, distant 12 miles; being the direct road to Stirling, distant 32 miles. From Drymen, is a road to Rowardennan at the foot of Ben-Lomond, and another to Loch-Catherine, the Trosachs, Aberfoyle, &c. but the best route to these places, is that up Loch-Lomond, which we are about to point out. To the west is a road by Luss, Tarbet, &c. to Inverary, distant  $45\frac{1}{2}$  miles; and on the left, is another to Helensburgh, distant  $7\frac{3}{4}$  miles; which is continued to Inverary by Arroquhar, distant 42 miles. The Tarbet road continues northward to Tyndrum and Fort-William, distant 88 miles, leading to every town and island on the west coast. But to all of these places, much easier access may be obtained by water. For farther particulars on this subject, the traveller may consult the "Steam-Boat Companion," or "Duncan's Itinerary of Scotland."

At Dunbarton the traveller exchanges the steam-boat for a coach, which daily plies with the steam-boat passengers to Balloch Ferry, about 5 miles distant.

On leaving the town, the road crosses the Leven (Le Avon, the soft river) by a handsome stone bridge, from which there is a beautiful view both up and down the river. On the left, pass Clyde Bank, M'Kenzie; and Leven Grove, Dixon. At the toll-bar, the road turning to the right must be

taken; that on the left, leads to Helensburgh, Arroquhar, and Inverary. On the left, may be seen in succession beds of whin, below which are white and then red sandstone, several quarries of which are wrought. Farther on to the right, on the other side of the Leven, at the foot of a hill, is seen Levenside House, Campbell of Stonesfield, occupied by Murdoch; and nearer the road, Dalquhurn turkey-red dye-work, M'Intosh. On the same side, farther on, is Dalquhurn House, the birth-place of the celebrated Tobias Smollett, and near which he penned his beautiful Ode to Leven Water.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave,  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave, &c.

Near this place, on the left, stands a Tuscan obelisk, erected to his memory, shamefully mutilated, and hastening to decay. The ground is overgrown with weeds, the tablet broken, and the inscription defaced.\* The following is a translation of the original Latin inscription, from Dr. Anderson's Life of Smollett;

Stay, Traveller!  
If elegance of taste and wit,  
If fertility of genius,  
And an unrivalled talent

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\* The shameful and ruinous condition in which this memento of our great novelist is permitted to remain, cannot be sufficiently deprecated. The genius of Tobias Smollett requires, doubtless, no marble to blazon its fame, and will outlive the materials which man has raised to its honour; but yet does it not appear strange, that the near relatives of a man, over whose simple tomb in Italy so many exiles sigh, should manifest so utter a neglect for his monument in Scotland?

In delineating the characters of mankind,  
Have ever attracted thy admiration,  
Pause awhile

On the memory of **TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.**

One more than commonly endowed with  
Those virtues, which, in a Man and a Citizen,  
You would praise or imitate;  
Who,

Having secured the applause of posterity,  
By a variety of literary abilities,  
And a peculiar felicity of composition,  
Was, by a rapid and cruel distemper,  
Snatched from this world, in the L.L. year of his age.  
He lies interred near Leghorn in Italy.

In testimony of his many and great virtues,  
This empty Monument,  
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,  
is erected

On the banks of the Leven,  
The scene of his birth and of his latest poems,  
By James Smollett of Bonhill,  
His Cousin;

Who would rather have expected this last  
Tribute from him.  
Go, and remember

This honour was not given alone to the  
Memory of the deceased,  
But for the encouragement of others.  
Deserve like him, and be like him  
Rewarded.

Proceeding onwards, the tourist passes through the village of Renton. Beyond it, on the right, is Cordale House, Stirling; and, on the left, Millburn pyroligneous acid and tar-works. Bonhill House is seen, farther on to the right; and beyond it, on the opposite side of the river, Bonhill Church and Village, forming an interesting groupe, as seen from the road, especially towards evening, when lighted up by the beams of the western sun. Farther on, is the small village of Alexandria, where are several bleachfields and printfields; viz. Dal-

marroch; Levenfield, Todd; Levenbank, Arthur; &c. Close to it, on the left, is Broomley, Misses Alston; and beyond it, Tillichewen Castle, Horrocks. This Castle is built in the gothic style, in a picturesque situation, tastefully surrounded by trees, and forms a most delightful residence. On the opposite bank of the river, is Levenbank, Arthur; and a little forward, on the left, is Stuckroger or Woodbank, Miss Scott. Near the fourth mile-stone from Dunbarton, a road strikes off on the right, to the Ferry of Balloch, where a light boat is ready to convey passengers to the steam-boat, which is to be seen riding at anchor at the head of the river. On the other side of the Leven stands Balloch Castle, the residence of G. Stott; and close to the river, is the neat Ferry-House of Balloch.

Loch-Lomond is the largest and most picturesque fresh-water lake in Great Britain. It is 30 miles long, and from 1 to 9 miles broad. In depth, it varies from 20 to 120 fathoms. Its surface is 22 feet higher than that of the Clyde. This last circumstance has given rise to the absurd proposal, of deepening the bed of the Leven, and by that means, of draining off the waters of the Loch, by which a few acres of ground might be gained, at the expense of much of the romantic scenery around it.

The water of the Loch is at present higher than it has been, at some former period, the ruins of houses being seen below its surface. After heavy rains, it has been known to rise about 6 feet. The water which flows from it by the Leven, is remarkably pure, and well adapted for bleaching. This is accounted for, by supposing that the water which

runs down from the hills, owing to the extent of the Loch, has ample time to settle, and deposite its earthy particles, before it issues from the opening at Balloch.

Owing to its depth, the Lake appears in some places of a dark pitchy colour; especially towards its upper extremity, where it is deepest; and where it is at the same time overshadowed by lofty mountains, whose tops are not unfrequently enveloped in vapour and clouds. Numerous streams flow into it; such as, the Fruin, the Aldegallen, the Luss, the Douglass, the Falloch, the Arkill, and the Endrick. The last is the largest stream, and is not undeserving of the name of river.

The property on the left bank of the Lake belongs principally to Smollett, Mrs. Rowet, Buchanan, and Sir James Colquhoun; that on the right, almost entirely to the Duke of Montrose. About two-thirds of the Loch, and most of the islands, are in the county of Dunbarton; the rest, with the right bank, are included in the county of Stirling. The steam-boat keeps almost exactly in the line of division between the two counties.

Every one must have heard that Loch-Lomond, according to popular report, is remarkable for three things, *viz.* "Fish without fins, waves without wind, and a floating island." The "fish without fins" is the pollack, vulgarly known by the appellation of a *powan*, in some respects resembling a herring. Formerly these fish were found only in this Loth, but they are now found abundantly in Loch-Eck in Argyleshire, and in other lochs in this country. The pollack is dry and unpalat-

able as an article of food. The "waves without wind," are occasioned by the currents of air which come down the glens, causing an agitation in the water, which is communicated to those parts where no wind is felt at the time. The "floating island" is, according to some, a sand bank which is occasionally covered with water; according to others, it is an island situated near the west end of the Loch, which, although it is at present as immovable as the rest, may have originally consisted of a piece of floating moss.

On reaching the deck of the steam-boat, the stranger may probably be disappointed with the first glimpse of Loch-Lomond. It is certainly the *tamest* part of the lake; and although several splendid domains give interest to the foreground, the view, in the eyes of the real worshipper of the picturesque, must be deemed nothing more than *soft* and *pretty*. As the steam-boat proceeds, Cameron House, Smollett, is observed; and about 2 miles farther on to the north, is Arden, Buchanan. On the right, opposite Cameron House, is Butruich or Butturich Castle, at one time the seat of the ancient family of Lennox, Earls of Levenax, from whom, by a female, are descended many of the nobility of Scotland; the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, &c. in England; the Dukes of Berwick, Fitzjames, Brunswick, &c. on the Continent; and the Royal Families of Great Britain and Sardinia.

Proceeding forward, the Loch gradually expands; but the size of four islands, running in a line from east to west, prevents its breadth from being seen for some time. The scenery, on approaching Inch

Murrin (the largest island in the Lake, occupied as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose), increases in beauty every minute; and when the northern extremity of this ducal deer-park is reached, where two other small islands, called Inch Grange and Inch Torr, covered with wood, and the wider extended valley of the Endrick, break upon the view, there are few but will allow that the scene is truly magnificent. In the foreground, on the mainland, the eye first catches the minarets of Ross Priory, from beneath whose hospitable roof the "Great Unknown" has so often hied, to make perambulations through a country which his genius has made classic. Beyond, it meets with the singularly shaped hill of Duncruin, which *erst* was the seat of aged wizard; and traversing over the splendid Park of Buchanan, finds the blue hills of Stirlingshire closing in the landscape. At the upper end of this valley a glimpse is obtained of an obelisk, raised to a name which is dear to every scholar;\* while the curious eye will naturally seek the spot where the inventor of the Logarithms so long sojourned, while busied in those abstruse calculations which have proved of such incalculable value to the mathematician in his scientific researches.† The land which has been imprinted by the footstep of genius, or by the beings of its creation, can never fail to produce a deep and enthusiastic interest. The anxious eye searches for the haunts of those whom history has

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\* The celebrated George Buchanan, who was born in the small village of Killearn.

† Lord Napier of Merchiston, lived for many years in an old mansion on the banks of the Endrick.

chronicled, and the fancy feels charmed to revel with the creatures of another's imagination. It is the genius of Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, De Stael, and Byron, that gives such a magic to the scenery of Lake-Leman; and the Trosachs, Loch-Ard, and Loch-Lomond, would be bereft of half their charms were they not associated with the magical creations of Sir W. Scott.

On the west end of Inch Murrin are the ruins of a castle, which formerly belonged to the family of Lennox, and a neat modern cottage, for the accommodation of parties of pleasure from the ducal residence in the neighbourhood. Leaving this beautiful islet, observe Inch Aber, at the mouth of the Endrick, and Clar Inch, whence was taken the war-cry of the powerful clan of Buchanan, "Clar Inch, Clar Inch." Some writers, however, suppose it to be connected with an exploit of the head of the family, Sir A. Buchanan, who, in 1421, is said to have killed a Duke of Clarence, at the battle of Beuge in Anjou: although that action is generally said to have been accomplished, not by a Buchanan, but by one of the ancient Earls of Buchan. Different views of Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose, are to be had, in passing along to the right; and the mansions of several proprietors are seen in the same direction, but at a considerable distance. The steam-boat then steers to the left, having on the right the kirk and manse of Buchanan, and on the left the large wooded island of Inch Cailleach, formerly the burying-place of the Clan Macgregor, and where there was once a parish church. By many this island has been called the



Corpse Island, from its singular resemblance, when seen from the valley of Endrick, to humanity,

“ Ere the first day of death is fled.”

It has been lately, in some measure, denuded of its verdant *shroud* of foliage by the commands of some enemy to the picturesque; but a few years may probably restore it to its wonted richness.

Opposite the north-east corner of Inch Cailleach, the steam-boat stops to land passengers at Bual-maha, one of the narrow passes into the Highlands; after which, taking a western direction, it passes, in succession, Inch Fad, which is inhabited—Inch Moan,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile long—Inch Cruin, used for confining insane people—and on the left, Inch Cardach, Buck Inch, and two other small islands. To the right, begins to rise the stupendous mountain of Ben-Lomond, emerging, as it were, from the placid surface of the Lake, and towering in the clouds to the height of 3262 feet. The islands of the Lake (of which there are more than thirty) now give a delightful variety to its extensive boundary, which in length is 30 miles, and at its broadest part more than 8 miles. The greater number of these islands are adorned with wood; and from their diversity of size and form, afford an endless succession of lovely picturesque objects. On the left, is Inch Conachan, near which is the Floating Island; on the right, is Inch Lonag, where are several thousand great *yew trees*, of which kind of wood there is not perhaps another plantation in Europe. It is probable that these were planted, when archery formed a part of military action. Pass on the left, Inch Tavannoch, the property of Sir J. Colquhoun. On the main-

land, to the left, is Ross Lodge, Colquhoun; and Rossdoe, Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart.

Like some other Highland lakes, the surface of Loch-Lomond often displays the *blue belt*, which is always the precursor of a storm. This singular and curious appearance is occasioned by the unequal agitation of the atmosphere in the vicinity of lofty mountains, which produces a corresponding inequality on the surface of the water, some parts being gently ruffled by the air, while others remain quiescent, and gives the appearance of long stripes or belts, very equably defined. During the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, the surface of this Lake was greatly agitated; the water rose suddenly far above its ordinary level, and again quickly retiring, sunk greatly below the usual height; and this unnatural motion continued for a considerable time. A boat on that occasion was carried 40 yards beyond the ordinary limits of the water's edge.

The steam-boat now enters the lovely bay of Luss, with its rude cottages, simple church, plain manse, and flaunting inn. Luss, and its neighbourhood, has been considered by artists to be the most beautiful point of Loch-Lomond; but it is the view of the Lake from the shore, that is meant—not the view of Luss from the steam-boat, which, with all its beauties, is devoid of many of the characteristics for forming a picture. It was in this little village that the translator of the Gaelic Bible, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, lived and officiated; and it was from this spot that that scientific gentleman proceeded with so many enthusiastic botanists to ramble among the mountains. Behind the village, near the top of the

hill, may be seen the slate quarries of Camstradden, from which above 800,000 slates are turned out annually. At the foot of the hill, is Camstradden House, Colquhoun.

On leaving Luss, and proceeding to the north, the Lake begins gradually to diminish, so that its finely wooded banks are more distinctly seen. About 3 miles beyond Luss, is the ferry from Inveruglas on the west, to Rowardennan on the east side of the Loch.

Should the enterprising stranger incline to ascend the top of Ben-Lomond, Rowardennan is the most eligible place for him to land. Here is a neat comfortable inn, where guides and every requisite for the journey can be procured. The distance from the inn to the summit of the mountain is computed at 6 miles; but it is probably more, and generally occupies above 3 hours. The first part of the path will appear the most disagreeable, as it is principally over rock and heath. Some green ridges are however met with, and frequently great portions of wet moss. Towards the summit, the track is more difficult and fatiguing, increasing in steepness, and passing over a very rugged or shelving surface; but when the ascent is gained, the toil is amply repaid by the sublime and wonderful prospect which is had in every direction. The body of the mountain appears to be made up of several tremendous ridges of rock, rising one above another, but diminishing in a conical form towards the top. Below, the Lake appears wonderfully lessened in size, and the islands look like mere spots upon its surface. Looking eastward, is seen the river Forth, with its

manifold windings and numerous towns. The Castle of Stirling seems almost beneath the mountain, while that of Edinburgh, farther removed, is hardly visible to the eye. To the south, the entire stretch of Lanarkshire, with the central hill of Tinto, and the more remote mountains of the Lowthers and Coulterfell, and, far in the distance, the Isle of Man may be discovered, if the atmosphere be clear. Turning to the south-west, the counties of Renfrew and Ayr; the Craig of Ailsa, the islands of Bute, Arran, and Jura; the coast of Ireland, the Mull of Cantyre, and the Atlantic Ocean, are in view. Looking to the north, a frightful precipice of the mountain is seen, 2000 feet deep; while stretching as far as the eye can reach, is seen the tremendous assemblage of ruggedness that constitutes the Grampian chain. Nature in her wildest and most awful form is here to be contemplated. Mountains rise upon mountains in all the dignity of irregularity, till the eye is lost in the vastness and astonishing variety of the prospect. Valleys, lakes, and rivers, diversify the face of the country to a great extent; from this all the principal mountains of Scotland, and no less than nineteen lakes, are visible. In short, there is here every thing that is calculated to fill man with a deep sense of his own utter insignificance; and to raise in his mind an unaffected love, mingled with reverential awe, towards the great Architect of Nature. The scene may defy "the pencil and the pen," but still it is nobly poetical, as it excites the sensation of pure sublimity. The foreground on the north is a hideous demi-crater, precipitous, and perhaps 2000 feet to the

base. The effect of a cloud a furlong beneath the feet, and seeming to sever the visitant from "the work-day world," is inexpressibly grand. The rainbow, or the lightning with the attendant peal, sometimes heighten the awful pomp of the scene, and peculiarly dispose the mind to shake off terrestrial impressions, and "to ascend from Nature up to Nature's God!"

The great body of Ben-Lomond, like that of all primitive mountains, is formed of granite and micaeous schistus, with large masses of quartz imbedded in it. Some specimens of red jasper are found on the borders of the Lake, which have been washed from the summit, and been polished by attrition. This mountain furnishes much entertainment to the botanist, many rare plants being found upon it. Ben-Lomond, and the lands along the whole eastern shore of the Loch, were formerly the property of Rob Roy Macgregor, from whom they were legally obtained by the Marquis of Montrose.\*

Leaving Rowardennan, the Loch gradually contracts in breadth, so that at Rob Roy's Rock it is hardly half a mile across. This rock, about a mile above Rowardennan, rises abruptly from the water; the front and sides are nearly perpendicular, and about 30 feet high; the top is flat, and projects from another steep rock which is considerably higher. Upon this flat portion, it is said, that Rob Roy was in the custom of letting down, by a rope round their waist, those who refused to comply

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\* See "Macleay's Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, and the Clan Macgregor," published in 1818, and containing many curious and interesting anecdotes of predatory warfare, betwixt that outlaw and the Marquis of Montrose.

with his demands. If, after being drawn up, they still continued obstinate, they were let down a second time, with the addition of a gentle hint that if they continued obstinate when again drawn up, they should then be suspended by the neck. He was under no apprehensions that they would elude his grasp, as they could only escape by leaping into the Loch. Three miles farther, is Stuckgoune, or New Oak Cottage, M'Murich; and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile farther, the picturesque inn of Tarbet.

Here the lofty mountains of Ben-Lomond, Ben-Duchray, Ben-Voirlich, and particularly the singularly shaped summit of Ben-Arthur, or the Cobbler, are seen in perfection, forming a combination of mountain scenery, which renders Tarbet, in the estimation of strangers, the most interesting place on the Lake. The mountains, in fact, here assume an entire new feature; their outlines are more distinct, and greater variety is given to their character. Sublimity sits enthroned upon every cloud-capt summit on which the eye can rest, and never fails to surprise and delight the astonished spectator. From Tarbet is a road to Loch-Long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile (to and from which a steam-boat sails from Glasgow daily), and to Inverary, 24 miles; and another to Tyndrum, 24 miles; and to Fort-William, 68 miles.

The steam-boat on leaving Tarbet, again crosses the Loch, which is here scarcely a mile broad; and skirting the foot of Ben-Lomond, stops at the Mill of Inversnaid, with its tumbling cascade, formed by the water of Arkill, a spot where Wordsworth penned one of his most beautiful poems:—

Sweet Highland Girl! a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower:  
 Yes, I am loth, nor pleas'd at heart,  
 O Mountain Maid! from thee to part.  
 But I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair a maid shall ne'er behold,  
 As I do now—the cabin small,  
 The lake—the bay—the waterfall—  
 And thee!—the spirit of them all.

At a short distance up the country is Inversnaid Fort,\* built in 1713, to repress the daring inroads of Rob Roy, who was proprietor of this place. It was once set on fire by Rob Roy, and afterwards taken by his nephew.

It is only a very short distance from Inversnaid to Rob Roy's Cave; but the ever-changing forms and grouping of the mountain scenery, must delight

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\* If the stranger wishes to visit the Perthshire Lakes, he will leave the steam-boat at Inversnaid Mill, on its return, and cross the country to Inversnaid Fort, where is a road on the one hand to Loch-Ketturin, and on the other to Lochard, Aberfoyle, &c. From each of these places are good roads to Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. From Inversnaid Mill to Loch-Ketturin, where boats are always to be found to carry travellers to the Trossachs, is only a distance of five miles; and persons who are unable, or unwilling to walk, can be accommodated with excellent highland ponies, whose paces are well suited to the roughness of the path. A stranger, in fact, coming up Loch-Ketturin, and across this road to Loch-Lomond, will see this part of the Highlands to the greatest advantage. We shall not soon forget the picturesque appearance of a group of strangers with whom we once accidentally met on this route. The cavalcade was threading the narrow pass which leads to a rustic bridge below the old and ruinous garrison of Inversnaid, which, though now tenantless, of yore rang with the din of arms and revelry. The gay attire of the female equestrians contrasted well with the *unhobby*-like garniture of their steeds—their gay gallants, shouldering fishing-rods and fowling-pieces, seemed their guard of honour—the Highland attendants, in their national costume, acted as men at arms—while a few kilted urchins, carrying bags and packages, and attended by at least half-a-dozen of sheep-dogs, made out a group, which, coupled with the wild and romantic scenery around, recalled the less frequent, but more pageant expeditions of former ages, when Scotland had her feudal chiefs and feudal dependants. Perhaps the imagination would not have then been so much stretched to have fancied the whole scene a living counter-part of a picture by Wouvermans. The white horse was at least there; and excellent artist though he was, we are certain he never painted a lovelier face, nor a fairer form, than the being who that day played the Diana Vernon of the party.

every one who has ever taken pleasure in gazing upon the productions of a Salvator Rosa, or on those of our own English Turner. There is such a bold and decided outline—such strong lights—such deep broad shadows—and, on the east shore especially, such “fragments of an earlier world,” for a foreground, that one can scarcely imagine that any thing much more picturesque ever met the eye of the bandit painter, even amid the fastnesses of Calabria.

Rob Roy's Cave, the hiding-place of the Macgregor, is formed by detached portions of micaceous schistus, which have fallen from the rocks above, and have formed a cavity with several windings in it. It is completely concealed, but presents no remarkable curiosity about it, being nothing more than a dreary cavern, in which very pressing necessity alone could induce a human being to take up his residence. It is celebrated as being the place of shelter of Robert Bruce, after his discomfiture at Strathfillan by M'Dougall of Lorn. He is said to have used it also before the battle of Bannockburn, to avoid the English spies. It afterwards served as a retreat to Rob Roy, whose name it bears.

Rob Roy was a gentleman by birth, being the second son of Colonel Macgregor of Glengyle, who left him, as his patrimony, Inversnaid, from which he took his title. Having forfeited his property to the Duke of Montrose, he was forcibly, though legally dispossessed of it; on which occasion, his wife also experienced harsh treatment from the Duke's factor. In her husband's absence, she composed the beautiful and pathetic tune called



“ Rob Roy’s lament,” in order to excite his resentment on his return. He then commenced that predatory life, in the course of which he afterwards rendered himself so famous. He was one of the last that collected black-mail, a sort of tax paid to purchase security against the incursions of other depredators. He left behind him several children. They were not, however, so illiterate as Sir Walter Scott, in his popular novel, would have us to believe. One of his sons was a Captain in the rebel army, but was afterwards countenanced by the British Government. Another son, Rob Roy Og, or the younger, was one of the few subscribers to the first edition of Keith’s History of the Church of Scotland, published in two large folio volumes. He was subsequently, in 1753, hanged for forcibly taking away a rich and eccentric widow, and marrying her against her consent. Rob Roy himself, died at Balquidder, where his grave-stone may still be seen, rudely sculptured with a sword, but without any inscription.\*

Little can be said respecting the mineralogy of the districts through which we have passed. The rock of Dunbarton, we have said, is basaltic. Limestone is found at Arden, Levenside, and other places, and a coarse moorstone at Kilmaronock. A deep red sandstone is quarried to great extent in the

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\* Towards the head of Loch-Lomond there is a small island, called Ellan-a-bhu, on which are the remains of an old castellet. In a vault of this ruin, a man of singular character has taken up his abode, and lives in the primitive manner of a hermit. He has long kept a calendar of passing events, but in such hieroglyphical figures as are only known to himself. He keeps a boat, which he occasionally uses in procuring supplies for his cell, which the charity of the neighbourhood affords him; and he sometimes carries small articles of merchandise for sale.

valley of Leven, and on the southern bank of Loch-Lomond. The slates of Camstradden are of various colours and sizes. Those of a dark-blue colour are reckoned most durable, and those measuring above 9 inches by 6 are counted large sized. No coal is found in this district. Ben-Lomond consists of granite, and micaceous schistus, with large masses of white quartz imbedded in it.

The steam-boat now reverses her course, and follows the same track, already described, to Luss; along the shore of which, to Balloch, may be well designated the *loveliest* portion of the Lake. Island here succeeds island, in beautiful succession, and from their proximity to each other, seem often to present a barrier to the progress of the vessel. Among these, the stranger will be most struck with the appearance of Inch Tavennoch, or Monk's Island,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile broad.

Within this little lonely isle,  
There stood a consecrated pile,  
Where tapers burn'd, and mass was sung  
For them whose timid spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fix'd, for ever fix'd, their doom.

This is, without contradiction, the loveliest of all the isles; and the one upon which all the Dr. Syntaxes of sketching celebrity, are sure to land. Many a gay party feast annually on its summit; and from that point has many a famous limner carried away mementoes of the fairy scenes which there met his gaze. The view from the summit of this island is considered one of the finest. The Loch, with all its isles, lies like a map spread out before the eye, while the near and distant moun-

tains, grouped by nature, require no composition to fit them for the painter's pencil. Ben-Lomond, too, from this point, looks down with the majesty of the first King of Israel upon his more pigmy associates, while many an evening he has a halo of golden mist around his summit, not at all unlike the glorious areola around the head of a saint!

To the south of this island is Inch Galbraith; farther, on the right, is Rossdoe, Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart.; more to the south is Ross Lodge, Colquhoun, and the Glen of Finglass. About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile farther is Glen Fruin, the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns, in which nearly all the latter were slain. On the right, is Dunfion or Fingal's Hill. Inch Murrin is again passed, and, on the mainland, Arden, Buchanan. Farther down the Loch, on the right, is Belretiro, Mrs. Rowat; Cameron House, Smollett, &c. At last, the steam-boat arrives at Balloch, whence the passengers return to Dunbarton by the conveyances formerly mentioned.

If the weather has proved propitious, the traveller may now be said to have witnessed a concentration of Nature's loveliest and wildest scenery. Its characteristic features are, beauty, variety, and sublimity. Throughout, there is nothing of sameness; every opening prospect appears, if possible, more interesting and sublime than that which precedes it. Amid such scenes the eye cannot fail to gaze with rapture, and the heart to offer up its worship; and though the tongue feels itself incapable of expressing the emotions that are experienced, the stranger, after visiting this fairy land,

must be at least satisfied, that there is no necessity to leave the shores of Britain in search of the beauties or the magnificence of Nature.

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## ROUTE

FROM

**STIRLING TO CALLANDER, LOCH KET-  
TURIN, THE TROSACHS, LOCH ARD,  
THE LAKE OF MONTEITH, AND LOCH-  
LOMOND.**

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OF the various routes by which the stranger may explore the picturesque and romantic beauties of the Trosachs, and its neighbouring scenery, there is none which is at all to compare with the one we are about to describe. By it the traveller is led by the most pleasing stages, from scenes of softness and simplicity, to those of wildness and sublimity, while at each successive step he will best recognise those objects which are associated with the fancied beings of "The Lady of the Lake."\*

We will suppose the stranger to have arrived at Stirling, where he may spend a day with much pleasure, not only in visiting the many natural beauties of its neighbourhood, but also in contemplating the scenes of so many mighty events that

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\* Should the traveller think of pursuing the route from Loch-Lomond to the Trosachs and Stirling, he will leave the steam-boat at the Mill of Inversnaid, and as a guide to this interesting journey, he is merely to reverse the objects detailed in this route.

of yore took place in this the "cradle of our kings." The town of Stirling is one of the most ancient in Scotland; and even at this hour presents, in its many venerable remains of antiquity, the indications of its former importance, when it was the residence of royalty, and was a rival in dignity even with Edinburgh itself. Of these buildings, we may mention the Greyfriars Church, which was erected by James V. Here it was that the Earl of Arran, during Mary's minority, publicly renounced the reformed religion. It was here, too, that James VI. was crowned. To the north of this Church stand the ruins of a building called Marr's Work. This was erected by the Regent Marr, during the minority of James VI. and was built from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, which was founded by David I. of Scotland in 1147, for a company of Augustines. In the immediate neighbourhood of Marr's Work, is a large building called Argyle's Lodging, built by the Earl of Stirling, an eminent poet. The town of Stirling contains about 8000 inhabitants.

Besides the buildings above alluded to, there are others deeply interesting to the antiquary. The great point of attraction, however, in Stirling, is its Castle. It is taken notice of as early as the 9th century, and was the rendezvous of the Scottish army which defeated the Danes at Luncarty. It became a royal residence in the 12th century. It was the favourite abode of James I. and was the birth-place of James II. Here, too, he perpetrated that atrocious deed on the Earl of Douglas, which stains his memory. The room where this bloody

deed was done, is still known by Douglas's room. Within the fortification, is the palace built by James V. a large ornamented square building. Adjoining the Castle, is the Parliament-House; and close to it, is the Chapel-Royal, now used as a store-room and armoury. This fortress was the birth-place of James IV. Within it was his son James V. crowned. It was here, too, that the unfortunate Mary underwent the same ceremony; and that her son James, and her grandson Prince Henry, were baptized; and that the former passed the whole of his minority under the care of the celebrated Buchanan. Behind the Castle, on a mount, Duncan, Earl of Levenax; the Regent, Duke of Albany; his son-in-law; and his grandson, Alexander, were beheaded on the 25th May 1425. Walter, the eldest son, having been beheaded on the preceding day.

Being the key to the northern parts of the kingdom, it was besieged by General Monk in 1651, and by Prince Charles Edward in 1746. A terrace-walk goes round the Castle on the outside, upon which seats are formed out of the rock, for viewing the interesting scenery below, and the windings of the Forth. On the south side, below the Castle are several enclosures, and a circular mound, flat on the top, in form of a table, called the Knot, with benches of earth around it, on which were kept rural festivals, and where the knights of the round table held their pastimes. In the Castle-hill is a hollow which was used for tournaments; and on the south is a small rocky mount, called the Ladies' Hill, on which the fair spectators witnessed the deeds of chivalry.

On leaving this ancient residence of our Scottish kings, for the Trosachs, the traveller will pass along the ancient bridge which connects the two sides of the Forth. From this point a beautiful view is had, on looking down the river; on the one hand is beheld the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; near which, in rugged grandeur, rises the Abbey Craig, upon which, in 1297, the Scottish army, under Wallace, rushed down to oppose the passage of the English, under Warenne, and routed them with great slaughter. About 2 miles forward, pass on the right a road leading to Blairlogie, a sort of Montpelier for invalids; and also at a short distance on the right, Airthrey, Lord Abercromby. Close to this is a spring, similar to that of Cromlix, near Dunblane, but, if any thing, more saline. It is much frequented during summer, and has occasioned the erection lately of a number of very good houses at the Bridge of Allan, the village most contiguous. On crossing the river Allan, the banks of which are richly wooded and highly romantic, the road ascends an eminence, from which is seen a splendid view of the valley which extends on the west from Gartmore, on the east from Falkirk, and includes within it all the strange and serpentine windings of the Forth. On passing Lecroft Church on the left, the tourist enters Perthshire. Here he will be struck with the splendid plantations which surround Keir, the elegant residence of James Stirling, Esq.

A little way beyond this, enter the thriving village of Doune, situated near the junction of the Ardoch with the Teith. This place is chiefly in-

teresting, from the ruins of Doune Castle, formerly one of the finest baronial residences in Scotland. This ruin is beautifully placed on a peninsula, at the conflux of the rivers alluded to, and is supposed to have been erected by the Regent Murdoch, Duke of Albany. In form it is square, the walls of it being 80 feet high and 10 thick. On the ground floor there are several cellars and prisons; and the apartments which were occupied by the family, are reached by two outside stairs. One stair leads up to a spacious lobby, dividing the great hall from the kitchen. The former being upwards of 60 feet long and about 25 feet broad. The other stair conducts to the apartments in the tower, where there is a spacious arch-roofed room, communicating with the great hall alluded to. In the upper stories, there are several apartments. From the arch-roofed chamber, there descends a narrow stair, which leads by a subterranean passage to a dismal dungeon, from which all light is excluded, save that which it borrows from a small room above, through a square hole in its arched roof, evidently left for the purpose of preventing suffocation, and to let down a pittance to a prisoner. This Castle was once the family seat of the Earls of Monteith, and is now the property of Lord Moray. During the hey-day of Mary's love for Darnley, this was occupied by them as a favourite hunting-seat. In 1745, it was held by a body of rebels, under M'Gregor of Glen-gyle, better known by the appellation of Ghlunn Dhu. In the same year, a party of royalist volunteers, among whom was Mr. Home, the author of Douglas, were captured by M'Gregor, and con-



fined in this Castle. The narrative of this event, and of the escape of the young whigs from their place of confinement, has been most graphically described in Mr. Home's History of the Rebellion.

Leaving Doune, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile pass on the right Cambus Wallace, or Doune Lodge, Earl of Moray. Beyond this on the left, the ruins of the Old Church, Cemetery, and Manse of Kilmadock. Three miles farther, on the opposite bank of the Teith, which here rolls and tumbles over a rugged channel, stands Clan Gregor Castle, Sir E. M'Gregor, Bart.; 3 miles beyond this, Cambusmore, Buchanan, a beautiful residence embowered in wood, and beautified by the Water of Keltie. It was here, and in its neighbourhood, that Sir Walter Scott passed the greater part of his boyhood, and probably imbibed a love for this portion of the country, with which his genius is now so closely associated. At a short distance from this, enter Callander, beautifully situated upon the banks of the river Teith, immediately upon the confines of the Highlands, and surrounded with woods and scenery of the most romantic description. To the west, towers the stupendous mountain of Ben Ledi; and to the north, is the Craig, a long ridge of high picturesque rocks. Close to the village, are the almost entire enclosures of what is denominated a Camp, said to have been the boundary of Roman conquest in this direction: the army having been checked in their farther progress, by what appeared to them the insurmountable barriers of stern ruggedness, presented to their view by the mountains that rise immediately to the west of Callander. Some

writers, however, are of opinion, that this singular appearance is a production of nature, and various theories have been given to account for its origin. To the north-west, is the far-famed Pass of Leny, which, even at the present day, with a few men, could be defended against a numerous army. This Pass is wild, yet beautiful and impressive, formed along the steep and dark banks of an impetuous river. It presents a scene of the most interesting and singular character; and being only about 2 miles beyond Callander, is an object well worth a visit. About a mile to the north-east from the village, the romantic bridge of Bracklinn, thrown over the river Keltie, should also be visited. It consists of a rustic arch, without any ledge, thrown across a chasm 50 feet deep, in which the river Keltie, a rapid stream, is heard furiously dashing onward its perturbed waters. The projecting rocks are finely overhung with variegated copsewood. The path to it winds along the sides of shelving rocks that hang overhead, while the waters of a rapid cataract, partly tossed over a broken precipice, fall at last in one sheet into a ravine below. The gloom and horror of this place are appalling to the strongest nerves; a more hazardous position than that of the bridge of Bracklinn, is hardly conceivable. Near this, is seen a delightful view of the whole vale of Monteith, Doune and Stirling Castles forming the most striking objects in the picture.

The road from Callander to the Trosachs, goes off to the west, close by the banks of the Teith; and the individual acquainted with the stanzas of the "Lady of the Lake," will now recognise at

every step; the scenes so graphically painted in that poem. On quitting the valley of Bochartle, the traveller will immediately find himself by the "sounding torrent" of Carchonzie;

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochartle, the mouldering lines  
Where Rome, the empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.

Beyond which, is Coilantogle Ford, where the gallant Fitz-James "with single brand" overcame the fierce chieftain Roderick Dhu, and where, after the fearful combat,

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life—  
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife.

Soon after this, Lake Vennachar, 5 miles long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile broad, bursts upon the view; in approaching which, the scenery begins to assume a new and interesting character. The margin of the Lake is adorned with wood, and has many points of land which beautify the scenery. On the right, Ben Ledi is seen, with its green summit, from which there is a very extensive prospect, reaching from the borders of England to Inverness-shire, and along the rivers and friths of the Forth and the Clyde. Many druidical reliques are to be seen upon the base of Ben Ledi; and, from the sacred point of view in which it was held during the days of Paganism in Scotland, it is supposed to have been a chief station of the Druid priests.

About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the western extremity of Loch-Vennachar, is a cascade close to a place called Milntown. Beyond which, is Carchonzie or the

Wood of Lamentation; so designated from the tradition, that the river demon or *kelpy*, who delights to forbode and to witness calamity, frequented this spot, and on one occasion brought destruction on a funeral procession with all its attendants. On a level headland close to the end of the Lake, may be seen the spot which Sir W. Scott chooses as the gathering-place of Clan Alpine—the spot where

Vennachar in silver flows;  
There ridge on ridge Ben-Ledi rose,  
Ever the hollow path twined on  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host;

And where, at the shrill whistle of the companion of Fitz-James, the glen was on the instant garrisoned with full five hundred men, and where the mountaineer exclaimed, while he

Cast a glance of pride  
Along Ben-Ledi's living side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,  
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

Passing the western extremity of Loch-Vennachar about a mile, the traveller will reach an eminence, from which there is a beautiful view of the river as it issues out of Loch-Achray, and winds through the verdant meadows which lie between these lovely lakes. Not far from this, stands the picturesque village of Duncraggon, whose huts

Peep like moss-grown rocks half-seen,  
Half hidden in the copse so green.

It was here where the Henchman bearing the "Fiery Cross," charmed by the incantations of the lone Seer Brian, first rested, as he sped forward

O'er the wild rock, through mountain pass,  
The trembling bog, and false morass,

—to summon the Clan, and was at once the herald of danger and of death to the followers of Roderick Dhu.\*

At a short distance from Duncraggon, is the Bridge of Turk, where Fitz-James in the chase lost sight of all his followers. The scenery here is exceedingly beautiful, especially where it stretches up into Glen-Finlas, an ancient deer forest, formerly belonging to the Scottish monarchs, now to the Earl of Moray.

On proceeding forward, the traveller will soon find himself amid

The copsewood grey  
That waves and weeps on Loch Achray,  
And mingles with the pine trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Benvenne.

The scenery now, at every step, becomes more and more picturesque and romantic. On reaching each successive headland, there is a new and splendid landscape presented by Nature, ready for the pencil of the most fastidious painter; while the lake, at one moment partially concealed by wood, and at another

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\* The Fiery Cross, also *Craan Tarigh* or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. This was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word implying the place of rendezvous. He who received it was bound to send it forward with equal despatch to the next village; and thus it passed, with incredible celerity, through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man from 16 to 60, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon the warlike signal. In 1745, the Fiery Cross passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of 32 miles, in three hours.

spread out like a mirror reflecting "the forest-feathered sides" of the mountains, give a delightful stimulus to even the most unpoetical temperament. At the most western headland, the scene that meets the eye of the stranger is indeed superb. Here, the distant left of the picture is filled up with the majestic outline of Benvenue, the distant right by the lightning-riven summit of Benan; while the Trosachs, consisting of a broken, insulated, and diversified series of wooded rocks in wild confusion, occupy the space which intervenes between the two mountains. Loch-Achray is in the middle distance, while the foreground boasts all the adjuncts of rocks, wood, and wild flowers.

Near the farther extremity of this lovely Lake, is the Inn of Ardkenachrocan, where guides may be procured to the Trosachs and Loch-Ketturin, and where most excellent accommodation is now afforded.

On entering the Trosachs or the Bristled Territory, one of the most magnificent and sublime scenes in nature meets the eye. Here we find ourselves at the threshold of one of the most difficult Passes into the Grampians, surrounded on every hand by mountains from whose precipitous and rocky sides spring the oak, the alder, and the weeping birch. From the fantastic forms of the rocks and hills, the threatening precipice and the torn mountain, we feel that Nature must have given one of her most convulsive throes, when such a scene as this was first brought forth.

Within the dark ravine below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell

Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;  
 Round many an insulated mass,  
 The native bulwarks of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builds a vain  
 Presumptuous pile on Shinar's plain,—  
 The rocky summits split and rent,  
 Form'd turret, dome, or battlement;  
 Or seem'd fantastically set  
 With cupola or minaret,  
 Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
 Or mosque of eastern architect.

We here too behold that those earth-born castles  
 are not lacking in fair and brilliant banners; for  
 from their shivered brows, roses, creeping plants,  
 and flowers of a thousand dyes, are seen to cling  
 and wave "in the west wind's summer sighs."  
 Here, in fact, we behold the exuberance of vege-  
 tation contrasted with stern sterility—the rich and  
 coloured garniture of the valley, in combination  
 with the grey and hoary summit of the mountain;  
 while around there is not a sound, save that which  
 comes from the thousand brawling torrents which  
 flow unseen through the tangled thickets.

On proceeding forward through this labyrinth,  
 which was formerly impassable, the stranger threads  
 the gloomy and rugged dell where "the gallant  
 grey" of Fitz-James, while he was cheering the  
 hounds on the vanished game, fell exhausted; and  
 where,

Touch'd with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring hero.

The range of rocks on the left, is remarkable for  
 an echo which distinctly repeats a word several  
 times. On issuing from this wild and sublime  
 defile, known by the appellation of Beal-an Duine,  
 from the circumstance of a party of Cromwell's

soldiers having been forced to retire, after leaving one of their comrades dead on the spot, whose grave marks the scene of action and gives name to the pass, the stranger obtains a first glimpse of Loch-Ketturin,

A narrow inlet still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As serve the wild duck's brood to swim.

On reaching the banks of Loch-Ketturin, he will be astonished with the magnificent landscape which meets his gaze. Nature in her wildest and most romantic aspect is there exhibited, and seems as if she had collected her every production, and concentrated all her energies to render the scenery sublime. Mountains and rocks in wild confusion, adorned with trees and shrubs of every description, even to the tops of the highest eminences, give to the landscape a wonderful variety of the grand and the picturesque. Nature here, is indeed eloquent and impressive, and awakens sentiments and emotions at once pleasing, serious, and instructive. On advancing along the road, which has been cut out of the solid rock, the Lake, "with promontory, creek, and bay," which was previously hidden by "Ellen's Isle," breaks upon the view, fully realizing the following graphic description of the "Minstrel of the North:"

High on the south, huge Bevenue,  
Down on the Lake in masses threw  
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an earlier world.  
A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar;  
While on the north, through middle air,  
Benan heaved high his forehead bare.



Before the present road was formed, the only mode of visiting this fairy scene was by a path down a steep descent, by the assistance of a rope made of osier or birch twigs, and fastened to the trunk of a tree. This rendered a visit to it both difficult and dangerous. But, at present, it can be viewed in every part, with the utmost ease and safety. In some places, the road is cut through the face of a solid rock, which rises upwards of 200 feet above the surface of the water. By this means, numerous situations, many of them elevated some hundred feet above the Lake, are to be obtained for viewing its beauties, all of which are so obvious that the traveller can readily discover them. Proceeding to the west, pass Breanchoil, opposite to which, is a square rock, projecting a bold headland into the Loch. Here, the view is truly magnificent. A broad sheet of water, 6 miles long and 2 miles broad, is under the eye; the remaining four miles, to which the Loch extends, being lost in a turn among the mountains to the right. The prospect is terminated towards the west by the lofty mountains around Arroquhar, and those upon the banks of Loch-Lomond. In front, is the Lady's Island, where "the Lady of the Lake," shooting forth her little skiff, had her first interview with the enamoured Fitz-James. Advancing farther, the Lake is for some distance lost to the view, but it soon after bursts upon the sight with increased magnificence; and a cluster of islands, bays, and capes, appear in every pleasing form and varied position. A short way farther, a new portion of the Lake opens to the view; and at its northern ex-

tranquility, is the rugged and cheerless Glengyle. From the summit of a hill a little farther to the west, where a hut or cottage has been erected, a most extensive prospect of the Lake, the Trosachs, and the distant mountains of Arrochar, is obtained. The scenery on every side, is enriched by a multiplicity of sublime objects, calculated to captivate the eye, and to afford pleasing subjects of admiration to the mind. Lofty mountains furrowed by descending streams, numerous bare crags, and deep woods, beautifully variegated and disposed, form such a series of grand and interesting objects, as must fascinate every person of taste. Here are seen numerous arms of the Lake; there are bold headlands, whose black rocks dip into unfathomable water; on the one hand, the white sand in the bottom of some bay, bleached for ages by the waves, forms a pleasing object in the picture; while on the other hand, are seen rugged and stupendous cliffs; and trees shooting forth their roots and their verdure, in places where no soil is to be seen. Every rock has its echo; every grove is vocal. Down the sides of the mountains flow a hundred white streams into the Lake, and spread their froth on its surface. In a word, one cannot advance twenty yards without having the prospect changed by the continual appearance of new objects.

After the stranger has fully examined the various beauties of the Trosachs and Loch-Kestuin, from the land he ought to take a boat and visit not only the islands, upon one of which there has lately been erected a romantic summer-house, but particularly Ceir-nan-uniskin, or the "goblin's den." This is

a very steep and romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with wood, at the base of which huge masses of stone are piled upon one another, forming caverns of various dimensions, which were formerly the receptacles of ferocious banditti. This cave, the imagination of the superstitious has conceived to be the dwelling-place of supernatural beings. Tradition, in fact, ascribes to the *Urist*, a figure between a goat and man, the name of this gloomy spot, the real translation of Coir-nan-uriskin being the "den of the wild or shaggy men." It was here where the Douglas concealed his daughter from Roderick Dhu, and where the "angel hymn of the Lady of the Lake," in pensive sighs, was raised to heaven. A little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-uriskin, is Bealach-nam-Bo, or the "pass of cattle," a most magnificent glade, overshadowed with ancient weeping birches. From this, the stranger may reach the summit of Benvenue, where he will be amply repaid for the fatigue incident to a rather adventurous expedition, by the view which is there opened up to him.

Having visited every thing remarkable about this celebrated Lake, the traveller, should he wish to visit the romantic scenery towards the south, will return to the opening of the Trosachs, from which is a foot-path to Aberfoyle. From Ardkenacrochan to this place, the road is peculiarly wild and romantic, and is well worthy of the tread of every lover of the picturesque. It is only 5 miles in length, but it affords almost at every step a novel

and interesting distant landscape. The prospect from what is termed Craigvad, is peculiarly grand and extensive. From this celebrated spot, the traveller has not only a bird's eye view of the Tro-sachs, but also of Lochs Vennachar and Achray, and all the country in the direction of Callander and Stirling. On descending the hill on the opposite side, a beautiful view of the course of the Forth, or as it is here called, the Avendhu or Black River, is had. At the bottom of this hill, is the Clachan of Aberfoyle, so much celebrated in the novel of Rob Roy. Here, there is an excellent inn, where accommodation may be had for a considerable number of travellers. The vale of Aberfoyle is encompassed on all sides by mountains, the greater part of which will afford abundant amusement to the mineralogist.

About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile westward from the inn, Loch-Ard, in all its beauty, presents itself to the traveller's gaze. It is an exceedingly pretty sheet of water, of about 3 miles long by 1 broad, and although certainly inferior in picturesque grandeur to Loch-Ketturin, is nevertheless infinitely superior to many lakes that are more celebrated. Behind its western extremity rises the lofty Ben-Lomond, which from this point resembles in some degree a *sugar-loaf*. A little beyond the upper Loch-Ard, which is separated from the lower by a stream of 200 yards in length, the road passes along the margin of the Lake, under a ledge of perpendicular rocks, at which spot there is an uncommonly good echo. A little to the east of the lower Loch-Ard, there is a very beautiful cascade of about 30 feet, formed by the Forth or Avendhu; while, at the west end of the upper

Loch, there is a most romantic waterfall, which after tumbling ten feet into a basin which it has scooped in the solid rock, descends over a rugged slope of fifty feet, surrounded by a scene of sylvan beauty. From this, there is a road by Loch-Con to Inversnaid Mill on the one hand, and to Rowardennan and Ben-Lomond on the other.

On proceeding about 5 miles to the eastward from the village of Aberfoyle, the traveller will have the opportunity of seeing the sweetly situated Lake of Monteith, with its two beautiful islets. This Lake is about 5 miles in circumference, and is nearly circular. Its northern shore is graced with stately oaks, chesnuts, and sycamores, amid which will be observed the Parish Church, Manse, and modern Cemetery of the family of Gartmore. Upon the largest of the two islands, stands the Priory of Inchmahome, founded by Edgar, King of Scotland, and celebrated as the secluded residence of Mary before she was removed to France. Upon the small island, stand the ruins of the mansion of the Earls of Monteith.

If the traveller, when at the Trosachs, would rather proceed immediately to Loch-Lomond, he will take a boat which will land him at Stronclachaig, a few miles from the head of Loch-Ketturin, where he will find tax-carts or ponies to transport himself and luggage to the Mill of Inversnaid.

The sail up Loch-Ketturin is exceedingly interesting, and the boats are safe and well manned. On leaving the immediate vicinity of the Trosachs, pass, successively, on the right, Breanchoil, Letter, Edralecach, Stroangalvaltry, Ardmacmuin, Coil-

chrae, and Portnellan; on the left, Glasschoit and Calagart; and, at a distance, on the left, Ben-Chochan. About half-way up the Loch, Ben-Lomond breaks upon the view under an aspect of striking grandeur. The southern bank, as well as the whole parish of Aberfoyle, in which it lies, is the property of the Duke of Montrose; the northern bank belongs to Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, the Earl of Moray, and Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre.

From the boat-house at Stronclachraig, to the Mill of Inversnaid, is a distance of five miles, through an exceedingly wild and barren country. About mid-way, pass, on the left, Loch-Arklet, whose surface is overshadowed by the lofty Ben-Lomond. From this Loch the little stream of the Arkill takes its rise, flowing on till it falls into Loch-Lomond, over the cascade at Inversnaid Mill. A little beyond the Loch, the traveller reaches rather a striking scene. In the front is a rustic bridge, with a roaring stream, while, upon a sort of esplanade above, stands the old and ruinous garrison of Inversnaid, built for the protection of the district against the attacks of Rob Roy and his followers. In this lonely fortress, the famous General Wolfe was once stationed, when an officer in the *Buffa*. Perhaps one of the most striking and touching objects about this lonely ruin, is the little neglected cemetery, where a few green hillocks and rude stones mark the spot under which the bones of the English soldiers rest, who bade adieu to life amid this wilderness. A low mound of earth is all that encloses this burial-place; and, with the excep-

tion of the rude stones alluded to, there is nought to particularize the sacred spot but its peculiar verdure. There are only the traces of two inscriptions—the one would mock the piercing eyes of Old Mortality—the other is more legible, and is as follows:—"Jane, ye wife of John Hyeic, of ye Buffs, died March ye 4th, 1750, aged 37."

Leaving Inversnaid Garrison, the traveller proceeds along a narrow and wooded pass, which at length brings him to the cottage at Inversnaid Mill, where he may either wait the steam-boat that plies on Loch-Lomond, or can take a boat which will carry him to Tarbet, whence he can proceed to Loch-Long, Inverary, or the Western Highlands.

The mineralogy of this district of Perthshire, is not particularly interesting. Along the banks of Loch-Venachoir, and Loch-Achray, in the direction of the Trosachs, towards the east, the predominant rock is a species of gray-wacke, but on the western side of the Trosachs, micaceous schistus predominates. Lady's Isle in Loch-Ketturin is of this species of rock, and it continues northward to Loch-Lubnaig. In the vicinity of Callander, is a puddingstone rock; which, with slate and limestone, each a mile asunder, runs across a great tract of country, in three parallel lines. The slate runs in one line, from Luss to Dunkeld. The limestone runs from Buchanan to Comrie: and the puddingstone runs in a third line from Gartmore to Crieff. The limestone is blue with white veins, and has been converted into chimney-pieces, which approach the beauty of marble.

**LIST of PLANTS found in the vicinity of Dunbarton,  
Loch-Lomond, Ben-Lomond, and the Trossachs.**

**Dunbarton Rock, &c.**

<i>Botanical Names.</i>	<i>English Names, &amp;c.</i>
<i>Schoenus compressus</i> ,	Compressed bog-rush, near the river side.
<i>Aira aquatica</i> ,	Water hair-grass, near Dunbarton.
<i>Radiola millegreana</i> ,	All-seed, road side between Dunbarton and Helensburgh.
<i>Lysimachia vulgaris</i> ,	Yellow loosestrife, road-side below Dumbuck hill.
<i>Verbascum lychnitis</i> ,	White mullein, lane leading from the Glass-work to the Clyde.
<i>Hyościānus niger</i> ,	Common henbane, Dunbarton Rock.
<i>Solanum dulcamara</i> ,	Woody nightshade, hedge on banks of the Leven.
<i>Oenanthe pimpinelloides</i> ,	Parsley dropwort, coast near the Castle.
<i>Bartsia viscosa</i> ,	Yellow viscid Bartsia, near Dumbuck Hill.
<i>Carduus marianus</i> ,	Milk thistle, Dunbarton Rock.
<i>Salix vitellina</i> ,	Golden osier, near Dunbarton.
<i>Sedum Anglicum</i> ,	English stonecrop, Dunbarton Rock.
<i>Sedum acre</i> ,	Bitter stonecrop.
<i>Sedum telephium</i> ,	Orpine, 2 miles east of Dunbarton, under hedges.
<i>Spergula nodosa</i> ,	Knotted spurrey, plentiful about Dunbarton.
<i>Habenaria viridis</i> ,	Green Habenaria, hill above Bowling Bay.
<i>Clenopodium vulgare</i> ,	Wild basil, between Dunbarton and Bowling Bay.

**Loch-Lomond, &c.**

<i>Littorella lacustris</i> ,	Plantain shoreweed.
<i>Rubus suberectus</i> ,	Red-fruited bramble, banks.
<i>Sagularia aquatica</i> ,	Awl-wort.
<i>Jasione montana</i> ,	Sheep's bit, south side of Loch-Lomond.
<i>Digitalis purpurea</i> ,	Foxglove, between Lass and Tarbet, with white flowers.
<i>Lobelia dortmanna</i> ,	Water lobelia, common in all the Highland lochs.
<i>Osmunda regalis</i> ,	Royal spleenwort, near Inveruglass.
<i>Pillularia globulifera</i> ,	Pepper reed-grass.
<i>Isotria medeoloides</i> ,	Fern.



## Ben-Lomond, &amp;c.

*Botanical Names.*

*Veronica Alpina*,  
*Sessleria cærulea*,  
*Aira Alpina*,  
*Azalea procumbens*,  
*Ligusticum meum*,  
*Juncus biglumis*,  
*Trientalis Europæa*,

*Saxifraga stellaris*,  
*Saxifraga nivalis*,  
*Saxifraga aizoides*,  
*Saxifraga oppositifolia*,  
*Saxifraga hypnoides*,  
*Cerastium Alpinum*,  
*Cerastium latifolium*,

*Rubus chamaemorus*,  
*Thalictrum Alpinum*,  
*Gnaphalium supinum*,  
*Hieracium Alpinum*,  
*Hieracium lausoni*,  
*Habenaria albida*,  
*Listera cordata*,  
*Rhodiola rosea*,  
*Juncus triglumis*,  
*Juncus trifidus*,  
*Juncus spicatus*,  
*Vaccinium oxycoccus*,  
*Epilobium Alpinum*,  
*Polygonum viviparum*,  
*Silene acaulis*,

*Prunus padus*,  
*Myrica Gale*,

*Alchemilla Alpina*,  
*Gentiana campestris*,

*Sanicula Europæa*,  
*Tofieldia palustris*,  
*Salix herbacea*,  
*Carex pauciflora*,  
*Trollius Europæus*,

*Sibbaldia procumbens*,

*English Names, &c.*

Alpine speedwell.  
 Blue moor-grass.  
 Smooth hair-grass, Ben-Arthur.  
 Trailing azalea, Ben-Voirlich.  
 Common spignel.  
 Two-flowered rush.  
 Chickweed wintergreen, ascent to Ben-Lomond.  
 Starry saxifrage.  
 Clustered Alpine saxifrage.  
 Yellow mountain saxifrage.  
 Purple mountain saxifrage.  
 Hypnoid saxifrage.  
 Hairy Alpine speedwell.  
 Pubescent Alpine speedwell, Ben-Voirlich.  
 Cloud-berry.  
 Alpine meadow-rue.  
 Dwarf cudweed.  
 Alpine hawkweed, Ben-Arthur.  
 Glaucous hairy hawkweed.  
 Small white habenaria, ascent.  
 Heart-leaved Twayblade.  
 Rose-root.  
 Three-flowered rush.  
 Three-leaved rush.  
 Spiked wood rush.  
 Cran-berry.  
 Alpine willow-herb.  
 Alpine bistort.  
 Moss campion, occasionally with white flowers.  
 Bird-cherry.  
 Dutch myrtle, foot of Ben-Lomond, abundant.  
 Alpine lady's mantle.  
 Field gentian, between Tarbet and Arroquhar, and ascent to Ben-Lomond.  
 Wood sanicle, ascent to Ben-Lomond.  
 Scottish asphodel.  
 Leaved willow.  
 Few-flowered carex.  
 European globe-flower, plentiful about Ben-Lomond.  
 Procumbent sibbaldia, summit of Ben-Lomond.

*Botanical Names.**English Names, &c.*

Statice armeria,

Thrift, probably the statice Alpina of continental botanists.

Campanula latifolia,

Spreading bell-flower, woods between Inveranaid &amp; foot of Ben-Lomond.

Hymerophyllum tunbridgense,

Fern.

Aspidium lonchitis,

Fern.

Aspidium aculeatum,

Fern, foot of Ben-Lomond.

Asplenium viride,

Fern.

Pteris crispa,

Fern.

Lycopodium Alpinum,

Fern.

Lycopodium selago,

Fern.

Lycopodium selagenoides,

Fir club moss.

**The Trosachs, &c.**

Serratula tinctoria,

Common saw-wort, Ben-Arthur.

Malaxis paludosa,

Marsh malaxis, Ben-Voirlich.

Paris quadrifolia,

Herb Paris, Glen of Leny, north of the Loch of Monteith.

Sison inundatum,

Water honewort, near Aberfoyle.

Lysimachia vulgaris,

Yellow loosestrife, on island in the Loch of Monteith.

Arbutus uva ursi,

Bear-berries, near Drymen.

Hypericum androsæmum,

Tutsan, north shore of Loch-Venachoir and Loch-Ard.

Pyrola secunda,

Serrated winter green, little island in Loch-Ard.

Drosera rotundifolia,

Round-leaved sun-dew, Gartmore Moss.

Allium ursinum,

Bear's onion, most of the glens of the Trosachs.

Circœa lutetiana,

Enchanter's nightshade, woods and coppices, frequent.

Vaccinium uliginosum,

Great bilberry, south side of Loch-Ard.

Andromeda polifolia,

Marsh andromeda, Blair Drummond Moss.

Fumaria claviculata,

Climbing fumatory.

*Mosses.*—*Andrœa Alpina*, *A. Rothii*, and *A. Rupestris*—*Gynostomum æstivum*—*G. curvirostrum*—*Splachnum sphaericum*—*Conostomum boreale*—*Jungermania juniperina*—*Polytrichum hercynicum*—*P. septentrionale*—*P. Alpinum*—*Pterogonium gracile*—*Hookeria lucens*—*Lecidea confluens*—*Solorina crocea*—*Isidium corallinum*, &c.



